



**Theological striptease
turn on, tune in, drop dead/
Why 'New Statesman' editor
Paul Johnson is so bloody success-
ful / In bed with the... English / Free!...
LBJ playmate fold-out / Private Eye? the Death
of a President / Colin MacInnes & Malcolm X / "Raped Congo
Nuns whipped with Rosary beads" / Yankee Doodles / and so much more in
this first issue of London OZ February 1967**

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* LANDLOCKED

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Good Machines

A generic machine has been con-
structed on the outskirts of the
Festivals in future American
satires will not be sent to
Vietnam but will be put inside the
machine where plain humans
will point them to a pulp.

The machine will be programmed
to take its soldiers of the same size
to the storage death row in the
Vietnam war. Then the machine
will destroy people a substitute for
the U.S. commitment to Vietnam
and—best of all—other soldiers
will not have to leave their homeland
to die.

To those who have obtained the
operation of the machine U.S.
Defense Secretary Robert
McNamara says, "These people
sitting there in perfect safety have
no right to criticize while our
boys are in there doing for us."

At the advice of State Depart-
ment officials, the Australian
Prime Minister, Mr Harold Holt,
has ordered a similar machine to be
constructed on the outskirts of
Canberra. It will be installed in
preference of their strange Vietnam
contribution should one.

DEFIANT—

The novel was pronounced officially dead yesterday evening by a consensus of eminent pathologi-
cians consisting of Mr Norman
Mauler, Mr Truman Capote, Mr
Samuel Beckett and Mr James
Joyce. [Mr Joyce is himself
dead but then so is our entire
or another was everyone else
present. Particularly Mr Mauler.]
The consensus convened at the
Park Lane premises of the River
Key Club for an particular re-
view Mr Mauler said the cause of
death down to extensive unde-
fence in history and added that
on his opinion nothing could
breath the into the dead from
his literary neurophilia and
even he lacked the energy for
that Mr Capote dismissed slay-
ing murder for personal profit.
Mr Beckett asked what did he
think was the cause of death
phoned over his shoulder and
said "You asked when did he
pass, by "You" he replied
"No". His agent who was pre-
sented told about the time hap-
ping and offered would explain to
Mr Beckett's conversation for
an discussed points. The corpse,
at this point, got up and
walked out of the door and re-
turn with Mr Joyce and two
hundred more of the best have
been seen since but there are
rumors.

San Gabriel Davies

Experiences of medical people

Mr Michael Randall, who was
recently fired for trying to im-
prove the Daily Mail, was in
the custom, anyone a consider-
able amount of money to compensate
for the loss of his job. This
figure is known as a settle-
ment and the point of it is to
prevent actions from being
brought against the person
dismissed. On the afternoon of the evening Randall
appeared on the Frost Programme,
the Frost people informed if Lord
Kochman would like to appear
on the programme to put his side
of the case. Kochman declined
to appear before seven at the
evening Randall nevertheless got a
phone call from an article
employer. Was he appearing on
the Frost show? Would he at that
time kindly remember before he
said anything displease to Lord
Kochman on the Daily Mail,
that the question of his settlement
had not yet been agreed? He
Randall hardly said anything on
the programme and group has
that there will be a financial
of funds in the region of fifty
thousand pounds.

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PhallUSA



from Polly Peachum

Every time a clock strikes the hour (or so it would seem from the vast number of these pictures around) a young man somewhere in the United States is taking off his blue jeans and leaving his picture taken.

He is taking them off, though sometimes they are left on for severity, because the last thing the photographer is interested in is his face.

And that's just as well, because where some of these pictures will end up, a man wouldn't even want his chest left on, let alone his face. Why, there are people who have seriously asked to have their navel attributed out in case someone recognizes it.

A strange thing has been happening to American pornography lately. Until recently, every decent collector prided himself on the wide range of his collection—X-rated comic strips, a stack of smutty photographs and drawings, a carbon copy of a short story or two, all of something else, full, rich and varied, hypocritical and VERY scorable.

Now, suddenly, the requirement is gone. The action (paralleling a whole trend in underground movies) is non-existent. No second person, let alone third on fourth, in fact, not even a face, arms, legs or too much of a torso is allowed to distract the purity of the viewer's visual experience.

In other words, Pop has finally caught up with Pornography. The American collector has turned specialist.

What might be best, but not always quite accurate, be described as sell left has completely taken over the field for the moment.

The new pop oriented porno is presented in much the same way. It is not, as in the old days, kept well away from the ladies under lock and key in an old tin box. On the contrary, being respectable will fit and a found object, at a glance the pictures are slipped out for ladies at almost any good opportunity and very, very rarely with intent.

(This is partly because most collectors, not surprisingly, have not that much intent for ladies anyway.)

What is surprising, however, is not that these popular pictures exist but that they exist in such numbers and likely to the exclusive of more complex and varied sexual matter. It is as if all the stamp collectors in the world had suddenly started saving only African stamps and then just those featuring a woodland flower.

Generally speaking, one tends to see them on Sunday afternoons in stores when there is little else to do, often when the original owners are out of town on business or sleeping and the house has been left in the care of whoever comes to clean, dog-sit or waste the indoor plants.

Stored in cardboard boxes or, for starter collections, in manila envelopes, they are usually ten by eight, glossy, not very well lit, inevitably over-exposed and always looking as though composition was not on the photographer's mind while he was working. Also, especially those that present both full face and profile, have an odd and melancholy resemblance to police station mug shots. All this is missing is the number. (In fact, since nature and science often coincide are, they may eventually come to replace, or at least supplement, the fingerprint system.)

All sorts of complicated ethics come into it. Some collectors swear that they would do sooner than take a picture themselves. They see it as decidedly kinky and a form of cheating to boot.

Others, the bristly do-it-yourself types found involved in almost any hobby, carry Polaroids everywhere.

Some think it completely tempting to expose someone they may have briefly dallied with in the cruel and critical eye of the collector's world. Others think the exact opposite—that showing pictures of someone they have not dallied with is an comforting in going fishing and coming home with someone else's catch.

What all the collectors have in common is the bright-eyed eagerness of the schoolboy snapping marbles or baseball cards and it is not surprising to learn that major retailers, like Waltons for le-



mons, carry much the prestige of those lovely cat's eye marbles that always brought in eight ordinary marbles at primary school.

It has been said that to a white man, all Chinese look alike. To the untrained eye, then, the pictures—like Andy Warhol's Soup cans, are frankly monotonous with variations that are soon seen to be flimsily limited.



To the collector, however, the man who has trained his eye by going through perhaps a hundred such collections, it is a fascinating world.

The connoisseurs seem to know everything—where each picture came from, what sort of person posed for it and under what circumstances.

Some of the pictures are classic and no collection is considered complete without them. As in other fields, there are stars and supernovas. Some of the models are long established, familiar and quickly recognized, professional. Others are brilliant amateurs.

The professional amateur (after all, every man has his price) is a recognized classification, as is the obliging friend or acquaintance, who sometimes may never be aware that he has been photographed, let alone been immortalized across the nation, albeit in part only.

Some collectors like these unknown models best and claim to be able to recognize one immediately.

One of New York's best collections is owned by a top fashion photographer. Someone who does not fully appreciate the danger of the game might understandably expect him to produce from his particular cashbox box a series of masterpieces in aesthetic taste.

But his collection is as spoiled and marbled and scratched and badly printed as any other.

Thus, to replace expensively, is just the way he wants it. They should, he says, look unattractive, as if they had been photographed in a moment of feverish preoccupation by one whose mind was not truly on the task.



Anything good, fit, slick or arty, he insists, would be "positively stink". And as one in America ever wants to be accused of that.

With this kind of electro-visual approach, where the medium is the message, any picture which shows marks of being a photograph of a photograph of a photograph takes on a special aura, like a chain letter but more so. It puts the whole thing on a national, perhaps even international level.

Collectors like to emphasize how much time and space a well travelled picture might have covered. One soon learns which were taken in Italy by an Elysée friend on holiday, which were part of a clinic and, alas, now mostly destroyed by fire, sequence from Mexico, and which are reputedly old Hollywood pictures taken when a now big-name and very happily married male star was a penniless unknown. Anyone who shows respect over this last class is very quickly assured that the original pictures from which these well-lit files were taken will circulate from time to time. (No one however seems to have these Pictures with heads, arms, chests and legs on, in the light of the current fad, passed and not worth keeping.)

But rarely, one ventures to ask, these and the rest possible more excitement and

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DEATH OF A PRESIDENT



It was on the third day, when He didn't rise again, that Jackie knew for certain the President was dead. During those days, terrible, tragic hours following the brutal assassination, she had nursed a faint, desperate hope that the days of a Kennedy in the White House were not yet over.

Fate, so strangely tragic as JFK's world-shaking death was (as Jackie was to discover to me, presently, in an exclusive interview for my epic saga, still on tape, remembered and contested), even more shattering was the tragedy of a man whose so partially personified by Lyndon B. Johnson.

She was to recount to me, three years later, in a chic Fifth Avenue salon—unfolding that exquisite, graceful compound of modesty and relaxed humility that we're meant to see photographed so often—she was to recount, and tearfully in a discreet off-black mini-skirt and obviously still suffering from the great effects of the previous night's social commitments, she was to recount perceptively, astutely, and in poignant lyrical detail her unforgettable night back to Washington.

From the time we left hospital to the time we boarded the Presidential plane, we were still nursing our horrible splashed by our husband's blood to demonstrate what the women had done. What played on most on the plane was Johnson's efficiency—even during those calamitous moments in mid-air—that he, a mere Vice-President, should presume to contemplate our beloved throne. This is a goal far and away beyond the reach of someone with his level—even if he

had the money."

Here the saga—movingly, meaningfully, irreverently.

During the flight Johnson begged Jackie to appear in the picture that was to be taken while he took the Oath of Office as President. Magnanimously, she condescended and moved up from the rear of the plane. Now something extraordinary was to happen, something so astonishing, so sensational that many readers have already heard rumors of it before verification of my book, *The official photographer's camera failed?* There was an embarrassing, agonizing delay in the most uncomfortable of circumstances.

It is now known that Johnson took the unprecedented step of contacting the Attorney-General Robert Kennedy, by telephone from the plane to ask details of the swearing-in ceremony. Details, most of us felt, that could best be ignored. Bobby, quite casually, greeted Johnson's sudden telephone call with a reaction one would expect from this scruffy college football hero, this old class friend of the late Senator McCarthy, this dy liberal phone tap—he said nothing.

What could Bobby do when Johnson, in his ill-fated provincial manner, made evasive and extravagant gestures of sympathy? He could do almost did—the only thing possible.

He turned his back.

Always, Bobby had worshipped the golden his mother-in-law doted on. It was in the Bethesda Naval Hospital while waiting for the President's autopsy that Jacqueline Kennedy heard of Lee Oswald for the first time. Bobby took her to one side and told her, "They think they've found the man who did it. He says he is a communist." The beautiful black widow responded with her penetrating (Vassar schooled) wisdom. "He didn't even have the satisfaction of being killed for civil rights. It had to be some silly little communist." How astonishing able.

Johnson was a weak and ineffectual Vice-President. So much so, that prior to the fateful Dallas procession, many of the Kennedy entourage refused to ride with him.

Some of Johnson's contemptible defenders point out that Johnson pushed Civil Rights reform through Congress with more vigor and success than his predecessor could have managed. They stress Johnson's achievement in the War on Poverty. But they are wrong. His major successes here are due to chance or magic, they are due to political sleazebagery, publicity.

Even now, the Kennedys have not forgotten that dark day in Dallas and they have not forgotten their destiny. And Bobby especially is a cheerful and dagger-mourner at his brother's grave. He has not, and will not, recover from his brother's blunder, headline-making murder.

He is crying all the way to the White House.



Isn't that what pornography is about?

"Good god," they say indignantly, "we didn't do that for centuries!"

"It's just a silly fad, a big mad laugh except that, like stamp collectors, you get involved . . ."

So that's what's in these days in the recovery personal department. What's next?

□ International pornography (Well, at moments, when it's in all the art galleries, museums and paper back book stores already)

future as a socialist movement, so long as nothing is successful.

Cockburn: But do you realize that the government will not have the guts to do anything about ending, say, an embargo from, to dissuade themselves more strongly from the Americans over Vietnam?

Jelenc: They are all not up together, you are. So long as you sacrifice everything on a defined starting, you are not in a position to have an independent foreign policy.

Cockburn: You recently said the Vietnam war was the failure in history.

Jelenc: I think it has become so. The risks and obligations of the weapons now being deployed are so horrible, and day by day, in a great number of a civilian population which has had over twenty years of war. The spread of the largest and strongest power in history having itself with all the resources of scientific technology on this small continent, is so involved as to be almost beyond description. And eventually, I don't think creation of the government for as potent as modern. It's arguable that if there had not been such pressure from the left, we would be more closely committed to American policy than we now are. As far as I know, British troops would be at present engaged in Vietnam.

Cockburn: But you don't always seem to have been so against military pressure. In 1961 you told *Saturday Review*: "A British military presence in the Malaysian Federation is only protection against the Indonesian, imperialist powers of China and Indonesia. British military presence offers the best chance for the gradual development of the rule of the law." Would you express the same sentiment now?

Jelenc: I don't think I would quite. The fact is, one makes mistakes and misjudgments. I was back a few years ago over all that I had written in the paper, and I roughly calculated that I had been right 40%, wrong 30% and the other 30% was arguable. Any writer who tries to maintain that he's always been right is either a fool or a croak. But I would be prepared to argue about those points you quoted. I'm not against a British military presence overseas in all circumstances. I don't have any moral reservations about that, provided the people want it there, and provided we can afford it.

Cockburn: On another front, a lot of people were under suspicion for years longer made against the Royal Family on what to do about Prince Charles's education—the suggested course seemed almost at times to parallel your own—why did you write the piece?

Jelenc: I thought that it was very important that anyone who runs the monarchy should have a proper education. They're always been terribly badly educated in the past. I wanted it out on balance that he would get the best education of anywhere the Oxford or Cambridge. If he went to one of the provincial universities he would be looked on at such a level that the whole experiment would be a failure. Oxford and Cambridge are much more used to absorbing overseas students. Anyway, I think it was good preparation to run the year just before his eighteenth birthday. It did ensure a lot of interest, and one hopes that some things are understood—I've no doubt it was used to certain quarters. As a matter of fact the *Times* has always taken a great interest in the Royal Family. We keep a close eye on those people, and articles we publish on them always attract enormous interest in our readers. We accept the fact that the monarchy is going to be with us for some time, and that being the case, we think it is only right that the research should be properly allowed to do the right thing.

Cockburn: The *Times* seems to have gone in for a practice, more personal style recently. Is this part of a general policy?

Jelenc: This kind of interest arises from the fact that I started the *Contemporary* column. This was an attempt to write the short story form in which people like Jack London are exposed that writer's usually allow a kind of generalized view of events, underlying trends in our society.

Cockburn: But when you have Levin and Alan Brown looking in the pages of the same paper, don't you think that is giving a false impression?

Jelenc: I think it's something that has got to be done with great skill and not very often. The business of over-personalisation is very bad and silly.

Cockburn: People often talk in very differing terms about the front and back half of the paper. Do you see a correspondence between the two?

Jelenc: It's actually difficult to tell. Most people, to judge from the surveys, and between 30% and 40% of the paper. You can't really say people buy it for the front or the back. This is an old myth.

Cockburn: Did your literary editor, Karl Miller, recognise having anything to do with different plans of yours, as far as the back half is concerned?

Jelenc: I'm interested to improve the back half. It has a great deal of very skilful and modern academic reviewing, but I'm interested in improving the back half, seeing it appeal more broadly to people. Indeed, by the time the interview appears, you will, I hope, see the beginnings of change.

Cockburn: Now you are the father figure of the *Times*, discussing weekly in the diary and other parts, what kind of range of journals do you imagine the readers are getting?

Jelenc: God knows. That's not for me to say. Writing a weekly diary is an exercise in optimism. It's bound to be. If you don't record a certain amount of yourself then the thing is dull. And if you do record bits of yourself, then to some extent you hold yourself up to ridicule. I got a lot of fun.

Cockburn: You, you recently described how you had a lunch with the prime minister some time ago, and then went along to the Race and had a business lunch. By a way, did it surprise you that people thought this funny?

Jelenc: It was meant to be funny. I have thought I think it was funny. It was true. I thought it was quite comic, though I'm bound to say I thought it was a perfectly sensible thing to do, because in those days the Race gave you a jolly good one for 40s, a good Standard one.

Cockburn: Again, you've attacked the Border, Francis Bacon, got quite worked up, indeed.

Jelenc: I just wrote the diary in the way I would ordinarily write a diary. I think the whole of the pop music thing is deplorable and I said so, and I got one delightful article for saying so. I did get a lot of trouble from it. As for Francis Bacon, I like him and think he's an extremely nice man and very talented. I just happen not to like his paintings, along with a lot of other people.

Cockburn: You thought you were going to be panned because when you were told "Write there are other international embassies, before the election, in honor of the *New Statesman*!"

Jelenc: At one time I wanted to be a don. At another I wanted to be an art critic. In fact I wouldn't mind ending my diary as an art critic, it's always around a marvellous occasion.

Cockburn: Writing appeared in Francis Bacon, no doubt.

Jelenc: Not necessarily, but putting a different point of view, aside, to the one generally held today. I think it's possible I might still go into politics. I don't know. I can't see myself doing the *Statesman* indefinitely, and I don't think anyone would want me to do so. After all's been done it is a pleasure of ten years, one ought to go, provided one has enjoyed a good morning.

Cockburn: So you're not ill yet?

Jelenc: I don't want to lay down any deadlines, otherwise

continued on page 17





(Paint it Black)

One of the more endearing sides of Cassius Clay's nature is that he often vents. He has told Uncle Sam in no uncertain way that he is not prepared to go and slug it out with the Vietnam.

It's something Cassius has in common with nearly all of us. Some of us think it would be better to stop raising ourses on Uncle M's venerable head. Others just think throwing berries at the referee gives soccer a bad name. But we are agreed: violence. Just ask any of us.

Of course it doesn't stop us enjoying a bit on the side. (Okay, Mr. Weinhouse, you can start taking notes here.)

We sit slant-eyed in front of the television set while a steady stream of deejayed boxer matches off to blow somebody's brains out.

Sit through "Thunderball" with a snap-watch and you'll find sex-corrupting violence there to see.

Books are going the same way too. The market researchers say we can take or leave, but violence runs to the shelves with paperback publishers clamoring for the rights and no one accepts a penny under £10,000 for the film.

None of this worries me much. (Okay, Mr. Weinhouse, you can put that notebook away.) If we all want to get our righteous kicks from an endless stream of duelling fantasies, who am I to argue?

What does bother me is the way violence is becoming a journalistic formula for instant contention.

Take the perfectly ordinary situation which develops at 3.45 every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon in a large meeting hall in Westminster.

Two middle-aged gentlemen, their silver hair gleaming, sit on opposite sides of a large table and argue. They do this in a way that would leave Emily Post speechless with astonishment.

Each calls the other The Right Honourable Gentleman. Failing this, they call each other the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition.

Sometimes they are rude to each other

One says the other is a bully. And he is said, so one would be so cowardly as to bully him.

But it is all done with unflinching restraint, and the nearest hint of violence is an occasional frown from the corner in the middle.

Here is all this reported to you? Have a look at some poems.

"Sir (Mr Wilson) diverted attention by attacking the Tory leader Mr. Edward Heath with what even many of his own supporters thought was needless savagery." (Daily Express 4.11.66)

His dog? The blocking and insensible body of Mr Heath was presumably dragged from the Chamber by his sorrowing supporters, amid cries of "Shame" from horrified Labour benches.

But the Times was not to be outdone. According to the same paper eight days later Mr. Enoch Powell "lashed out at government by intimation."

The poem of individual liberty "came to the boil". But the Attorney-General, who had been "under fire", sharply defended the record of his party.

The idea of Mr. Powell, an amiable and peaceful man if ever there was one, lashing out at anybody is nothing short of preposterous.

The list could go on. In recent months I can recall nearly 100 Members of Parliament being whipped, lashed, hammered, debilitated, battered, slammed and, on one celebrated occasion, cut to pieces.

It goes without saying that the outrage extends well beyond Westminster. The upcoming earthquake around Manchester, discovered by the headline writer of the Daily Sketch, were unexpected elsewhere. "Granada-head to be split in biggest ITV shake-up," he thundered.

Others? How about "Conservatives attack the derelict E." What with one wonders. Or "Union chiefs lit out in pay rates storm." The thoughts of Mr. Olive Jenkins and his cohorts flitting along through a blizzard of bound copies of the Prices and Incomes Bill is a delightful one, also from the letter press of the Daily Sketch. "UNO slaps on all ban," said the Daily Express. Just like striking to black, really.

These headlines were, of course, sandwiched between the usual rapes, murders, and hangings which we part and parcel of every newspaper. (I have not yet seen a headline to hint at any which appeared in an overseas afternoon newspaper, a veritable war de force of sex, violence, rape, reform and politics. "Raped Congo nuns whipped with rosary beads.")

But the point about the political and other headlines is that in an unusually non-violent situation they had to draw on violent images to avoid ending. It's a pretty miserable reflection on the lot of us that we can't resist a Tory consoling motion without having to drag out the metaphorical machine guns and make it sound like second billing to the St Valentine's Day massacre.

They can't an argument for the kind of headline. The Times speculates on—"Mild earthquake in Chile, not many dead". Not in it an argument for the weary, deflated headline writer of the Guardian who once labelled a Victor Zorin story "Another earthquake in Khazakhstan".

I suppose what I have to come round to is some newspaper equivalent of the postcard-like slogan "Make love, not war". If only we could get a bit of sex into these stories to replace the violence we might be able to save the Sun, Sketch, Mail, Standard, Guardian and Times from whatever dreadful fate awaits them at the moment.

So let's take a straightforward account of a parliamentary debate as it might be reported now. "Mr Heath," it might begin, "last night lashed the government for its failure to make Chatham House grammar school a national shrine. In a hard-hitting attack on the Home Secretary, Mr Heath hammered away at Mr Jenkins' alleged neglect in allowing escaped prisoners to use it as a staging post on the way to Europe. A beleaguered Mr Jenkins was forced to admit that this was true, but he stood back by declaring that it had also been used for hashish parties by Political tax-evaders during Henry Brooke's spell at the Home Office."

by Nigel Stone



Under my law system it might read something like this: "Woman Cabinet minister swooned last night after another breathtaking speech by the Leader of the Opposition, Edward 'call me Cassius' Heath. His handsome grey hair gleaming, in the soft light of the House of Commons, the 45-year-old baronet lustily wowed his audience with a seductive call for the creation of a national shrine at Chatham House grammar school. Mr Heath's wife figure at the dispatch box seemed to dominate the Chamber as he dealt gracefully with the Home Secretary, Mr Roy Jenkins. The rugged Mr Jenkins himself had Tory backbench ladies sighing as he replied succinctly to Mr Heath's points, reminding the Opposition Leader that Chatham House had also been used, etc., etc."

Well, at least it's an idea.



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A Genuine Apology 29 April 68 PRIVATE EYE & MURKIN ALLAN

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 on information and was a long way past
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 and within ourselves and according to the

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 - PC + Editorial Board and country Ad
 office took to the streets last Monday evening
 at the Royal Court. Having received
 themselves that all proceeds would be
 equally divided between both the day and
 night - London members of the board a
 meeting of the Board at PC took place. The
 half minute a minute which followed,
 appeared to be a small audience.

Meeting then had their conference to
 General office, the first meeting, in
 classified papers evidently regarding Lord
 Mountbatten. It was being strongly in order of
 the day's work - from the first stage

A large meeting persons were begun to
 outline PC's commitment to social progress
 and its efforts to do so before contemporary
 events. In the midst of this speech, a
 guest to new first featured party. At which the
 entire staff descended upon him to effect a
 citizen's arrest, changing him with both
 his guests and arrangements to overnight
 in the meeting house for performance
 ended with spirited violence participation

4 March 68

"I'm not a PC" means to apologise to Mr.
 Mountbatten and to the Government for any
 contribution or injury to their reputation
 which they may have suffered as a result of
 any involvement in this article

Gnome

Dear Readers,

The "person" I like to produce
 this article have become so obsessed with an
 called "person" journalism, that they constantly
 decide themselves that they "do good" with
 their without regard. In doing so they, in
 typically self-satisfactory fashion, have
 adopted the individualistic individualism
 for which I am justly famous. Gnomes
 Don't have and I put on credit for it. I am
 getting out of hand.

There may "materially",
 Lord Gnome,
 pp. 65.



A second together then volunteered to
 keep the ball rolling - with an undisturbed
 recognition of past customs. Confronted
 by continuing violence openly, he
 apologized. Much harder when you actually
 see them - the violence expressed some
 doubt.

At this, a gentle young man in a rather
 rapidly but unobtrusive would have things
 up and shouted, "Five feet, four, and
 change this," into the noise. Rather extra-
 ordinarily a narrow margin left the ball
 the way they identified as a Gnome
 Harold Macpherson. "This is the first
 funny thing you've said all night," said
 someone to the third row. "Whatever the
 young man and there for rather withheld the
 crowd behind his fat torso a little more. It
 amounts to the same thing evidently
 unobtrusive.

2 Sept. 68

MR. PERCY CLARK, An apology

Am sorry as to Mr. Clark for any errors



Harry Macpherson, purchasing coverage
 for the Daily Telegraph. He was a long-
 held word you say? The only man with the
 content of that hysterically right wing of
 who appears to have maintained a right of
 printing impartiality? I find in the same
 time as one can recognize him his person.

Yes, Macpherson does live in a modest semi-
 detached house in suburban. Seven with a "house"
 and three children. But, although he bought
 this house fifteen years ago, Macpherson has in
 his two three thousand ready to tell Private Eye
 where the money came from. His failure to
 reveal this information constituted in Private Eye
 in violation of this article can be nothing else
 than a straight forward admission of guilt.

Even so, having said all that, Macpherson
 would still seem to be a person that any
 reasonable man, whatever his political col-
 our, would appreciate as a man doing his
 job. He was honest, however, in all his work, that
 Harry Macpherson is a man. And he is two
 based on the source (which can be written by and
 the, it and all, although it is not a PC to be
 the 1968 office - from the first stage

Unlike Macpherson we can look up our man-

News of what another 'Private Eye' is doing and involved in is provided in the shaggy inside for poster wages (little last explosion months between the present editor, Richard Ingrams and immediate editor who then, John Wells. Wells is an ex-then master who publishes the strong personal comment letters with minor rigidity and really wants to be a celebrity - unlike Ingrams, despite the former period of facile posturing as an avenging London. Typically 'Old Pal', Wells tried to write 'P. E.' 'a' form of the business, as he put it, the couldn't carry back.

Ingrams looked for of Bushnell and Wells covered himself by writing later possibly about it. He was killed once in 'P. E.' as 'Literary influence' and was later ruled-out in more 'Constructive' after a patch by Ingrams on the board. Wells took to writing about 'P. E.' because the Daily Mail and its generally the best of a kind but on the 'Late News'. He also gave two columns of 'Wit' to the 'Wit' for the 'Wit' which is mostly limited partly about, mainly and the post parties he attends and delivered in a prose style for which he has at least had the facility to apologise.

'Private Eye' will make of this old guard bushnell element who are eternally outlandish and self-consciously upper class... the sort of best and average T. V. debates which public in schools now consider National of Major General.

The William Bushnell and Christopher Buckner who are responsible for the late News, the Daily Mail and 'P. E.' also... all the classic press and radio stuff that bright young writers have been chaffing each other with for years. Bushnell, for example, was once employed on the I. T. V. advertisement, 'Wine and Carrots' to resist daily comic and was an avid - even by I. T. V. standards - that he was fired. 'P. E.' criticised with an ill-written article against the show's Ellen Allen who had diagnosed Bushnell and called him 'Ginger Juice'. They were compelled to retract and publish their usual linking apology. Bushnell, unfortunately, is currently in Australia posing as the victim of Greek street culture and has been making other people's side 'P. E.' jokes about the irritation of Ingrams, who likes to have them for (delicate debate). Bushnell's new found employer is Mr Frank Peggall, a distinguished newspaper, whose past press, radio and T. V. made him out a philosophy associated in the right of Robert Plomer's.

So much for editorial conviction.

But that anti-bushnell persona, Ingrams, is concerned much with satire anyway. The other regular cartoon contribution for being 'too satirical', requesting 'delicate' looks of the is not short stopping often but more in form of criticism to encourage Tony Bushnell, a middle business manager, into taking the 120 weekly salary.



IT'S ALL GREEK ST.

A huge, somewhat skewed figure, he strikes forth from his rice-covered neck, while an imposing iron bridge to all rigidity of the bushnell of Fleet Street. The key factor of many, Ingrams was himself as the Minister of 'Private Eye', is truly religious about the constitution but is practice has proved all kinds and no limitations. His persistence makes it to print the sort of hard coverage of political influences that distinguishes 'The Spectator' and 'The Observer' (Bushnell). With more exceptions (e.g. Hestrop) he has, of course, failed.

His attempt to politicise 'P. E.' resulted in the recruitment of Clyde Clive and Paul Ross - both highly respected and highly respected by the bushnell boys.

Bushnell's 'This Week' is hardly the one reason, only member of bushnell's opinion that Ingrams hoped it would be. The surprising Thursday title emerges as under the sort of one last clapping happy because the ruled Linotype machine Bushnell writes from is not Clive and he is in Marty Miller.

Ingrams's second appointment was more hopeful. Paul Ross, Minister of the Sunday Telegraph, and source of all those contemporary stories about bushnell's office. Mr Bushnell gave rational was brought in as effective political editor, Ingrams withdrew and past President of the Labour Union, he tried to be Greek Street wall. A journalist and editor of a heavy-handed Progress on race relations, he introduced relatively well-informed and informed but primarily information on a Monday of relations.

Given popular at the 'Telegraph', Paul is now to move personally to 'Private Eye' where he will double the back page output.

Apart from the old useful piece of information that they thought, Ingrams too never really had the staff or source side to yield anything more than personal attacks. 'Colour Justice' and 'London Illustrated News' look real facts and comments for this ignorance with a personal, literary example style.

Occasional Miller finds his end by his grandiose Transport News research staff, David P. E. and his own world correspondence. Other P. E.'s political

and political. Other P. E.'s political and women's section of bushnell at S. Bushnell by those of William's sides who are judges of him.

However, the days of the wild politics of Ingrams are numbered. It is not that a bushnell's opinion has been reached between 'P. E.' and bushnell's editorials, the old press has being pushed out for a less sensitive response to life.

Most of the brilliant and able underground generation have abandoned 'Private Eye' Miller and Cook are hardly maintaining their reputations for being 1960 and clever without doing much except meeting each other at T. V. and appearances.

Final correspondence between Miller and 'P. E.' came when the long wanted news drive about proved (Ingrams) in mail, abandoned by bushnell's allegedly written by (Dr) Jonathan Miller. The good doctor responded with an angry, but later gave placed in the office walls hoping they would 'be in bed' - a quote subsequently reproduced in the news of Penguin Private Eye.

With all events over overhauled, Cook recently and in a speech supporter of the way although might up in his old bushnell career apart. Since the end 'Wrong Way', bushnell got an appearance on the late P. E. and drew about page to help. His country literature and Carver presents themselves in the volume supplements, literature his bushnell side with 'It would be his to give a party with a most exciting pig that an American friend'. So, he, he is the 'Sunday Times'.

Some argue that 'Private Eye' is still the most agreeable thing in print, despite its party edition, authors' involvement and the self-indulgence of its staff. It is just these factors, however, which have prevented 'P. E.' from achieving any importance.

Even if it doesn't want to, it has become part of the popular media of an avenging London, outstayed as an editor of glory society which keeps to be attacked in this position greatly by its own editor and in its own terms of allowing time and money.

It is not surprising that 'P. E.' is outstayed from the power money of both publishers, and outlandish, political industry - such as John Asher, Lady Bushnell, Carver, Bob Bushnell, Anthony Black, Peter Bushnell, Joyce Greenall. (111111)

In controversy between Cook and Paul Bushnell's simple of colour, might more public interest, Mrs. Cook becomes an item of bushnell's, Ingrams appears as last evidence and self-image of London's intelligence. Greek Street continues to market bushnell, and outstayed bushnell all as significant as an empty bushnell bag.

'P. E.' is in London pretending to be Bushnell, Transport pretending to be Bushnell.

THIS SMALL MAGAZINE WHICH DOES NOT ONLY CONTAIN BORING ARTICLES BY COLIN BAKER

THEOLOGICAL STRIPPERS



-Kit Mouat

In no terms were those of us essentially round-up society can the strip-maze form of entertainment make sense. But today there is another kind of "stripping", which is gaining popularity, and that is the intellectual stripping of modern Christians who are discarding their theological with one by one. "The Fall of Man," "the Devil," "God the Father," "the Virgin Birth," "Hell" and even the "Incarnation" is crumpled at the performers' feet, while they clutch desperately at the remaining shreds of "Ultimate Reality" and "Unique Christian Love." Sometimes it seems that the act may be developed so that those, too, are tossed aside—if only to attract a more sophisticated audience, but when this does happen, it is hushed-up as much as possible. Generally the fear of complete exposure is so acute as over it was.

Makosha Mageridge is the Gipsy Rose Lee of these strippers, sporting his epaulettes—now towards the Roman Catholics and now as the Anglican, proceeding to drop a veil, then chucking it all the closer to him as he comes.

"It's all about us."
That's running the nation.

and drawing bigger and larger crowds. His fans include Mary Whitehouse, but only since he started having his veils made of red flannel. And then there is his special performance when the stage is lit only by "glow worms," showing "with an intrinsic light" while he is "caught in all-encompassing audience, like deer in a sun-beam." Some people might suggest, unlikely perhaps, that he is getting just a little beyond it now, and must surely be able to afford a comfortable retirement from his rather painful self-inflicted tortures. There are plenty to carry on with his work.

Several highly paid stars (John Robinson, for one) sit idly positing in church, although they do the show in reverse, arriving pure-exposed at the door, leaving.

"God is superfluous"
"God is dispensable"
"God is inadvisable"

and then picking up the with me by one as they go down the aisle, ready to recite

"I believe
in God the Father Almighty,
Maker of Heaven and Earth . . ."

with their delighted audience. Others have their own groups such as the "Christian Humanists," the "Christian Agnostics" and the "Secular Christians" but top of the pops are probably the lovely little company of "Cambridge Theologians." Most of the performers are men, strangely enough, but Monica Furlong is an exception. Some years ago she substituted that stripping (or "being a Christian" as she put it) was "intellectually more satisfying" than it had been for years. There is no doubt at all about that, it is exhilarating, even for the audience, if they take it all as seriously as they should. Monica gives a very sexy performance, one has to admit, but she has not yet dropped the last veil, which seems to be made of very old Irish linen. The idols of these modern strippers are of course Tillich, Bonhoeffer and Barth, who play much the same sort of role as do Wilyndy and Peshova in the hours of hellfirecrackers.

So far very few complaints have been made about "Stripping on the Telly." It says something for the tolerance of our age that these performances are allowed to come right into our homes. In such a way the Man in the Street (and his wife) can be made to feel part of the theory

underworld of the mind; they can watch others doing what they secretly long to do themselves, but without being tempted to go too far. If any viewers are disturbed it will be, I suppose, those Spaniards and Indians and Latin Americans to whom all the veils are sacred. Dropping even a few of them (in their view) is to risk a most unattractive sort of revolution. Billy Graham is especially intolerant, but then he hasn't yet got used to the mini-skirt. Fortunately no one really takes him very seriously. They just let him have Earl's Court, the freedom of the radio, TV and the press, and then leave him to get on with it.

Inevitably some criticism comes from the old-time strippers, who, in their own "Quakers" and "Unitarians" clubs, reached their peak of stripping hundreds of years ago. They simply cannot see what all the fuss is about, and are particularly a little peeved that these modern performers should be so highly paid for what is really so terribly old-fashioned.

The Education Act of 1944 laid down that once a day (and at another period during the week), the children shall put on these absurdly cut of dress veils, and, although they are not expected to go through the strip routine themselves, some teachers have actually been preferring scriptures in front of their classes! First they throw off "Adam and Eve" and then "Barnabé Desirables" and, if they are only amateurs, before they know where they are, they have dropped the lot.

Other RE teachers demonstrate a special ritual movement (agape obscene) by which the God-veil is ripped and torn but never finally discarded. It is no wonder that the public is worried about an increase in immorality. Few teachers, however, are

continued on page 17

RAAStus: W I in W.2. Colin MacInnes

'Defence' needs money.
Sent to Michael Abdul
Malik, Leith Macalister,
Granville Road, W4.

RAAS, in England, is the nearest thing we have to the American Black Muslims. It is not in fact very near, since the social-religious contexts are so different. Although we are a racist society here, white racism is diluted and polite, so that black opposition to it, however militant, is correspondingly mild.

The former RAAS paper to stand for Racial Action Adjustment Society, but in reality (on an analogy with, say, Ian Fleming's *SPECTRE*) the role is chosen to give four letters that spell out an exceedingly rare West Indian word—it denotes, in fact, a screaming maternal cry.

The President of RAAS is a Trinidadian called Michael Abdul Malik, or Michael X, formerly Michael de Pina. He is a converted and preaching Muslim (I mean religiously, as well as being a "Muslim"), a poet, a former hustler in his unregenerate days, and an impressive man, if rather overgrown.

I have long believed that only Negroes will help Negroes, and that white allies have as much as they help. As Sidney Carmichael points out—in my mind, accurately—whites should convert whites, not blacks; blacks by trying to back them. I was thus sympathetic to Michael's endeavour, though in contradiction to my own belief, joined his organisation as an associate member (only blacks can be full members). This involved my suggesting a task I could take on to further the movement's objectives.

Before describing this, a word about black racism, or racism in reverse. How one must judge not so much by theory, as by practice. I know Michael is not a racist, and that his shoulders are entirely capable. Nor can I discover that his members are. In this, I admit, they differ from the American Muslims. But

apart from personal inclination, the English situation does not encourage black racism for three reasons. First, because Negroes are one-third, not one-tenth of the population as in America, too small a minority for racial agitation. Next, because the black, not copper-coloured style of white English racism has—with few exceptions—some of the economic violence found in the US, which makes the call there to Black Power reasonable. Lastly, neither West Indians, nor Africans, nor Pakistanis have any experience, historically, of being bullied by a white

body founded by Negroes for helping one another: thus, says the liberal, a racialisation. The real reason the liberal doesn't like the idea of a group like RAAS is that it doesn't want him. Well, let him console himself with CARD, or other cautious multi-racial bodies existing, so they say, for the same ends. And perhaps he is in some degree right: the battle against racism can be fought on many fronts, in many ways, and let he who is concerned with this choose the one he thinks the most effective.

So once an associate member of RAAS, I suggested to

He accepted the idea, and we went into business. The first two problems were lawyer and money. Lawyers with experience of courts will know that a solid defence is half the battle. The second Musliman problem is the dock, speaking a scarcely comprehensible dialect and having failed to master witnesses and solid evidence who can stand surety for him, is greatly helped by preliminary advice in the cells (to which only lawyers have access), and the presence in court of a sharp expert who is not intimidated by an atmosphere of doom.

This brings us first to the matter of legal aid. Many think that, like the National Health Service, is a free and successful privilege. Not a bit of it. It is granted at the magistrate's discretion, and often refused. Of course, if legal aid is granted, the financial problem—and that of legal defence—are both looked after. But since most coloured people haven't the finance like law to go about getting legal aid, it is impossible to have a lawyer as counsel to apply for it on his behalf. And even if it is (or isn't) granted, that lawyer, naturally, has to be paid. Then if legal aid is refused, he has to be paid a great deal more to carry the case to its conclusion.

More criminal lawyers are willing—subject to this initial payment—to take on legal aid cases since, though these are not generously paid, they cover costs and keep the other busy. We had to find, and did, solicitors who would accept the rather odd cases we sent them, and be prepared to charge as little as possible for the first appearance (in ask for legal aid) and for subsequent efforts if legal aid was not granted.

I say "odd" cases because we made it a principle that paid or innocent were of no interest to us. To try to decide this would be speculation anyway, and we



majority, and this gives them a greater assurance in relation to whom. (It is significant, incidentally, that Sidney Carmichael is a Trinidadian.)

Liberals, of course, deem all exclusive social organisations tainted. But it seems to me they only say this when the organisation is black. What liberal objects to is the multiplicity of Jewish bodies, with not a Gentile on their committees, which accuse their own race? Does any (Jewish) man, Egyptian, Maltese or, for that matter, Australian, help Jewish organisations? No, such are thought to be both practical and patriotic. But not any

Michael we undertake the defence of coloured men and women accused in criminal cases. I have direct and visual experience of the brutality and perversity that arises when coloured persons are arrested, and of their basic movement in the courts. I am not saying this doesn't happen to whites too—included at times—but coloured people are especially vulnerable. First, because of racialised attitudes of the authorities, and next, because they have less knowledge than whites of how to handle an arrest and its consequences, and usually less chance of practical help and advice from friends.

followed the excellent principle of the British courts of "innocent until proved guilty." Of course, this principle, in practice, is not as absolute as it is thought—why, in name one of dozens of instances, should the not-yet-proved-guilty person be put into a dock, and not allowed to sit by his lawyer, as in America? Additionally, the proposed Criminal Justice Bill, with its tampering with juries, seems to intend to undermine this ancient principle even further.

Over several cases, we had failures and successes—cases of these "successes" being in fact convictions, but with sentences much less severe, we were sure, than if the accused had not been defended at all. We were also able to arrange sentences for bail when the defendant couldn't supply these—though our sentences, despite their inexperience, responsibility (and sometimes pure Caucasian skin) were often refused by the magistrates. Meanwhile we paid out of our own pockets more than we could afford, and ran up bills about which the collectors were, in the whole, patient.

About this time, a rather unusual (unusual) earnings case came up about which a great many other West Indians were concerned, believing the accused to be innocent. They asked funds for his defence (which the public subsequently supposed were intended to bribe the accused). The previous involved with this case—for which the accused was eventually sentenced to four years—heard of our endeavour, we got together, and a committee came into being which we called "Defence."

I was in two minds about this body, since and experience has taught me that individual action of one or two persons is often more effective than that of a quinquennial group. However, there seemed strong feeling among the coloured community of W II that something should be done, and we soon had nine constant men with a whole dreadful paraphernalia of chairman, secretary, treasurer and so forth. After several internal rows, we settled down, with an office, telephone (reporting day and

night so that witness could call from the station on arrival), a part-paid secretary, and we have hitherto handled about a dozen cases.

Scipio will say—what is the use of all this? At best it is a drop in the ocean of coloured vice—and why only operate in London W II, and why only defend coloured persons, and why if the accused has a white wife, and so on?

In moments of anguish and despair I agree with these sceptics. We seem to be using up a lot of our own precious time (all the committee members have other active occupations), subsidising solicitors, having a lot of cases—and no doubt saving these papers on the process. Nor is our initiative greeted with approval by crick of the coloured community. Members are heard that we are making money somehow out of this, or playing politics, or manipulating the law and making things worse.

My only reply to this is that if we can establish that coloured cases will be defended, maybe official sympathy to coloured accused will gradually alter. I was once accused of something with eleven others, all coloured. One of these and myself, having a lot of money, got lawyers and were acquitted. All the rest were convicted on an identical charge. I have not forgotten this.

As to the argument that if we are "Defence" we should defend everybody—a point that was put to me in a court case by an intellectual director who follows, he said, my writing with professional interest—okay, okay, as well, and in fact, in one case we have defended a white. But the need for support of coloured people seems to me greater and anyway, the organization is coloured, so why should it not defend its own? As Michael X, in his poetic manner, put it, "Islam reaches me the whole world of my family, but the coloured man is none, he is my brother."

Then what about me, the only white face on the committee? Isn't this inconsistent? Highly so, and in some it is I can't say going

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The Land of Cockaigne

As I sink deeper into the interminable maze of over-seventy-five, I find that fading even faster than my ability is my never-plentiful fund of tolerance for the antics of adolescents, and a fortiori, for those of the aging workshoppers of adolescence. Unlike Mr. Muggadidge, I have no objection to an increasing sexual permissiveness, nor do I look back to some Eden of public purity, but the better bits of contempt which he spews forth smelt sweet to me.

Consider, for example, the matter of drugs. Very few who have actually used such mild stimulants as hashish or amphetamines can put much faith in the ravings of the old men who run society concerning the dangers of drugs, the thoughtless decision of "reorganising London" and so on (perhaps the most absurd recent example of this kind of thing was the admonitions of the ridiculous Lord Radcliffe, then about some or more Embankment, pointed some months ago in the *Spectator*). It is a commonplace that alcohol is a physically more debilitating drug than either of the two mentioned, the notable personality can be pushed over the edge of disintegration by the casual use of any of them—would Dylan Thomas have suffered any more if he had gambled pills, or even made like a serving-maid with a syringe?

The stupidity of our masters when they address themselves to the problem of drugs (or even just alcohol) may be questioned when they so deliberately confuse the use of "big" drugs and "little" drugs—when they use any and every means to cloud the issue, even threatening to prosecute a tiny little druggist who demonstrated how very easy it is to buy hash.

But having said all this, having made our bow to human rights, freedom of the individual, common sense, and all that, what of the under-twenty-fives who increasingly flock to "man-on", secretly passing their joint from hand to hand, snobbling over the sudden end of a neatly confected bundle of tobacco mixed with the second substance?

I do not know what the under-twenty-fives of ten or twenty years ago were like, nor do I understand the rooster glow which youth sheds over the most squalid scenes. But can the muzzling morose, muzzling the lucubrations of question-proposers, concerning in the out-dated hand-made-down slang of the casualties of the war was, can there be the best that "consciousness-expanding" drugs can do?

More pathetic even than these, however, are the over-twenty-fives who throw themselves so eagerly into the ranks of Youth—the Adeles Mitchell who can't swim poetry, but do know how to lower dropped to exploit the amorphous credence of an amorphous poster, the Jake Felton who can't play the guitar but who knows how to poison upon the goings towards music and song of children drunk dead by Radio Luxembourg and its relatives all over the world, and, most absurd, the geyser man who, having read about the Fiver riots in Amsterdam, has being themselves another young set beautiful, have invented an urban prave movement in London, and bubble about where buylets in Trafalgar Square.

But they are worse than these pathetic, these inferior talents who harness upon the gullibility of a learning but semi-literate band of children, who see the product of a generation of elders themselves heart and bewitched by the combined efforts of the pulpits, Freudians and the palms of Marxists. These modern Dukes of Plaza Toro posture before their adoring audience, and eventually march them up to Trafalgar Square, only to march them down again, the children seeing them like stacks of coral regularly have them dashed into the ground by those whom they dislike.

And so they turn to the literature of ineffectual drugs, and sometimes seek refuge from their still apparent inadequacies in more powerful narcotics, or sometimes they accept the fantasy world of those of their elders who has after their youth. They become pop-singers, or pop-pioneers, or even pop-philosophers; and to disguise their deficiencies subscribe to what is now called (poorly understood) "camp"—the glorification of inability to discriminate.

No wonder Mr. Muggadidge would like to be able to say, God—help us!—But God is dead, of an overdose.

Sebastian Scragg

Darling...

I'd love to open the straight-talking McCarthy-Bingely rundown on the most intense activities of the English male, but I can't for the simple reason that I've never been to bed with one. It's true that I have no lack of standards of comparison. I regard your request as a compliment to my energy and competence, not to mention the catholicity of my taste, under normal circumstances I should have plunged into exhaustive field work, but I can't even do that, because I have taken a vow never to go to bed with, or indeed have sexual traffic anywhere with, an Englishman.

Those who know how passionately I hold my convictions of complete lack of government and prejudice in sexual affairs would be aghast at this uncharacteristic and liberal action, which was not so much freely taken by me, as forced upon me by the circumstances.

In Cambridge, where I live, there are (apparently) eight men to every woman. It seems the ideal spot for a devoted practitioner of the art of love, for nearly all the men are in the full flower of their potency, being between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one. When I arrived I was dated at the

vertex of the opportunity for prostituting.

For six months after I arrived there, the only sex I experienced directly, apart from indirectly exposed discussions in which I found it necessary to explain that there had been improvements upon certain techniques as a constructive method, or about venereal disease of the order, "Sweetie, there are two. You are not so much distressed as dirty," was the sight, one by one, of three, grubby, nervous men in their frowns, who dressed some way intermediate between exposing to me their genitals, pulled and bluish in the faded air.

In these six months I shared my image violently and constantly, but no real change in my fortunes resulted. I settled down to being bottom-squee and information service about contraception and venereal disease, and matters of the heart generally, and transferred my sexual hopes to the metropolis.

I was sick to the gills of the sexual rights provided for my determination at undergraduate parties, where the girls arrived blazing in stungled minidresses and showed up the gilded youths like natives up a coconut palm, glowing themselves on by their lip-slicker and minidresses, while the boys signalled apitively to their mates, and waited only for the girls to drop off to let them fix a cigarette.

(The same girls who fix their minidresses in summer and feed the apes of the hairy and waver Latin Lovers.)

One evening I went down to play with a smug young architect whom I was ready to kiss distractedly, as his wing little fist near the Piffman Road. He Michael Canned all over the kitchen in his cunning barbecue apron, in caudles and plumped cushions, loose trousers and striped socks, and never even looked at me. In desperation I thought of wringing all'ingressories, but rejected it on several counts (principally my unlovely St. Michael smile). Eventually it was bed-time. He carefully prepared the spare bed, ran the bath, warmed the towels, lent me his bubble bath and other ready cosmetics packaged in leather and gun-cord, and said good night. When I was warm in bed, scolded shiny and sleepy, he suddenly slid in beside me. "Come," he said, and lay down, all friendly and casual like I fell asleep. I took care never to see him again.

He is now always an architect. Sometimes he is a lawyer or a fledgling barrister, or a baby stock-broker, or an accountant or in advertising. He is always very nice. He has an ideal of nice, gentle, useful, unexploited sex. He is legless.

My resolution to bed one an Englishman remained bloody but unbroken. I went into the country to sample the story. I killed and played tennis and rode a bit and went to the races with clear-eyed heavy-lipped young gentlemen with a

disparate tendency to buzz down one's ankles the more strenuous gossip heard anywhere, generally on the theme of the barrow, or the disingenuous female who seeks to marry into the death dance class. At a small party given by me such as when such, I noticed that at an odder early hour the guests began to rush away while the house lasted, until I was suddenly alone after with my host and it was only eleven o'clock. I was the Victim of a Flat Hunt boarder, gamely and being to remove his old school shoes and socks, sharing some subtleties the while about being stag.

How the plot can have been expected to develop without some attempt to gain my complicity I cannot imagine. I grasped the opportunity presented by his bare feet and neck out, iron-wired, across the lawn, through the hedge and across the cricket ground that spanned the house where I was guest from life. His would-be partner came thumping after me, so I plunged wildly in while the netting man up all up inside me wild off. On the actual pitch, gleaming ready in the moonlight for the crowd's play, he sprang. We thrashed about desperately for a bit, and I headed approaches at him for his lack of flexibility to

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In
bed
with
the
English



STRIP

continued from page 73

guilty of deliberately exposing themselves completely; those who say (or who dare to admit) the children not to touch the walls at all) find that they are barred from promotion. Most people think this absolutely right and that—especially the professional stripper who, naturally, wants to continue to lay down the rules as to how far stripping can decently go.

One recognizes that for some people the theological strip-tease is all part of growing up, like reading Frobenius or Woman's Own. All the same, they can't

help being impatient for the time when Stripping Veils will take their place as someone alongside the stage, chatter box, and beauty of previous ages, and Strip-Tease will be as out of fashion as cock-fighting and the Luncheon

A suggestion was made recently by Dr J. M. Allegro that scrolls should take the place of veils. He tells the story of how, soon after the war, he found that stripping could be particularly effectively performed with an accompaniment of Hebrew, which he took the trouble to learn. It is quite possible that his idea may prove a considerable embarrassment and challenge to the groups, although the men have a powerful backing of half-

believers, and will, no doubt, be as ready as the Beatles to extend their importance in order to sustain their popularity. They have already switched some of their bookings this year from the church to the non-church, and they may even go so far as to suggest that "N888" stands for "Church of England" rather than for the National Secular Society, which (like most things they say) would make appropriate non-sense. It is, however, exceedingly unlikely that any of the strippers will go so far as to risk endangering their undoubted privileges as "Christian" designers, parents, uniformists, newspaper columnists, or radio and TV stars. Theological striptease is here to stay.

JOHN & SON

continued from page 7

people might hold me to them. Of course I'm getting a bit old for police work, by present day standards, and the way out I'd make a good M.P. Unless you're a serving convert with a good deal of personal wealth, it's a difficult life to enjoy.

Cockburn: So it looks like not to promise an art or a craft.

Johnson: Yes, though, on the other hand, if one feels one can do it, it would be rather a destruction of duty if one didn't try ministerial office, if one felt one had some particular contribution to make.

Cockburn: What would you regard as your past crime?

Johnson: Well, I think I'm very unscrupulous and irresponsible-minded, probably overcautious, because I worry too much about things.

Cockburn: And your vast?

Johnson: I'm impatient, terribly impatient.

Cockburn: Yes, I asked someone who had met you once, what

condition she would like to ask you, and she said: Ask him why he's so bloody impatient. Do you find you have the effect on people?

Johnson: Well, I think I do on people I meet very briefly, occasionally, but much less so than I used to. I'm now much more humble-minded, more humble.

RAAS

continued from page 18

to hand over my job (Press officer) to a white young Caribbean, African or Pakistani. But I was in from the start, they asked me to stay, and there for the present I will stay.

That there are elements of racism in my presence (the whole lot of the dark continent) is undeniable, but in my experience, way I think coloured citizens have to be prodded into organising themselves if they're going to get any sort of a deal in this country. Most of the immigrants will don't realize that they'll lay their bones here, and dream of an eventual return to sunny skies. Few of them see their children will grow up British to whom Africa and the West Indies will be no more than a happy legend. Thus, while white immigrant groups in England are olive-knit media, the coloured communities remain largely divided. The result is that, despite individual courage, they are easy to exploit as a minority group.

MEET THE STARS



FACE
TO
FACE

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the cricket club and lost a fifteen guinea wager. Then I was up again and running across the out-field and through the rose-garden. The last I saw of him, he was manfully smothering and paring the ravaged wicket.

There seemed to be nothing for it but the wilds of Bohemia, where everything comes right for Shakespeare, at any rate. Things were generally much more promising after I had ferried out the fathers from the streets who can't and the dragged who don't want to, and, of course, your classic pedagogue. The first conquest brought back of no group a palpitant provided cover by underpans of so implacably irritating a colour that I caused myself hurriedly and left. I have tried to overcome my bourgeois aversion for old prices, but there the English have me defeated.

The second rally put me in a curious situation which has been paralleled many times since. Hardly had we arrived in the bedroom than he was diverting himself of a yellow grey interlock and insisting that I pass my fingers lightly over his microscope back barely touching the skin. An hour later, still in both arms and still fully dressed, I slipped downstairs and hopped gracefully on the 49.

Other variants of this situation can be indicated thus:

- "Would you mind leaving your boots on?" (On one occasion, "Would you mind leaving your hat on?")
- "Sorry, I can only make it with flat-chested girls."
- "What are you doing for?"
- "Standard answer, "Lord Mountbatten."
- "Let's pretend you're dead."
- "I shan't suppress blackheads."
- "What a tiger you!"

To save myself from further midnight fits about the changing pavement, I took the vow and I've never regretted it. Nor, I imagine, have the English.

Ask me about Indians, Persians, Arabs, West Indians, Jews from anywhere, Ukrainians, Welshmen, Africans, men from any where else but England and you've got pounced on article, but about the English here, as you see, I know nothing.

How LBJ lost an election gained a friend and won.

On Saturday, August 26th, 1960, a Democratic Primary election took place in Texas.

For the reason they had been cast by law as the only eligible voters in the State of Texas.

The 'recess' just happened to occur on the day when the election was held.

On Wednesday, September 1st, the Texas Election Commission announced that a

recess would be taken on the day when the election was held.

On Thursday, September 1st, at 10.30, the election was held.

On Friday, September 2nd, at 10.30, the election was held.

On Saturday, September 3rd, at 10.30, the election was held.

On Sunday, September 4th, at 10.30, the election was held.

On Monday, September 5th, at 10.30, the election was held.

On Tuesday, September 6th, at 10.30, the election was held.

On Wednesday, September 7th, at 10.30, the election was held.

On Thursday, September 8th, at 10.30, the election was held.

On Friday, September 9th, at 10.30, the election was held.

On Saturday, September 10th, at 10.30, the election was held.

On Sunday, September 11th, at 10.30, the election was held.

Stevenson then attempted to fight the Texas's "recess".

Before the Texas Democratic Convention, but his followers were barred from the gathering.

Understand, Stevenson was in the Federal Electoral Court and argued that his civil rights had been violated when he was deprived of an equal vote.

After a full hearing during which both sides presented their evidence, the Federal Court ruled 7 to 6.

Stevenson, tried to force an order restraining the Secretary of State from placing the LBJ bond on the ballot books.

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The Federal Court then sent it to the Texas's "recess".

At Mr. Johnson's return, the Texas's "recess" was still in effect.

In a last-ditch fight to stop the Federal investigation, LBJ's legal advisers again

renewed the Texas's "recess", but this time the Texas Supreme Court refused to accept the Texas's "recess".

LBJ turned down.

However, the Federal investigation in the Texas County found that they were going to have a difficult time going to secure the voting

live in person. It appeared that one of the two members of the jury had been "taken"

and that the remaining copy was locked away in a vaulted

ballot box. To get at their

box would require a key or

more than, thus that was

not to be made available.

For, very, when things were

looked more hopeful for the

Team, the rest of the Texas, were placed in the new hands of the Texas

(The Houston Area Forum is now a feature of the Supreme Court of the United States—how he got there is

get another world story.) It was the Texas who

carried LBJ's battle in the Supreme Court of the United States when he was

appeared to be the Texas's "recess" was still in effect.

The Supreme Court held that the Federal Court's Order

had to be set aside in order to allow the Texas's "recess" to be in effect.

Thus, the Federal investigation was brought to a

preliminary halt on the day of the opening of the ballot

box containing the remaining votes.

In a final, dogged effort, Stevenson appealed to the United States Senate to

reject to vote Johnson. The Senate responded by sending

its own investigating committee to the Texas's "recess".

But, in any case, the Texas's investigation never

was proved because the ballot

box had been "taken" by a

recessed "recess".

As for the D.C. "Lafayette"

of the United States

before years later he was

able to identify yet another

election to become President.

?

(Continued from
Unpublished Press Syndicate
report by Irving Shubert.)

Following the initiation of by-pass let drivers, DE, each month submit a completed annual FPM and add a special form of a monthly statement.

Our back rowers spend the early Lyndon-Francis of the United States—deep in the sea of science. I kept asking them why they ran for all that way, but they said, "I don't know, with L. B. I." again our deepest admiration only of Francis 'but none of them are gone on."

After breaking over the month's sales report, study C&S readers will certainly wish for our "warmed-over" and plug for sharing studies (17).

"Oh, it won't be that easy," I replied, my eyes twinkling. "It's a whole new game, and you'll need all the time—in such a complex field."

[illegible]

Although our democracy, of course, has survived, there is a relatively new arrival on the international power scene, the political movement we first discussed over eighteen years ago at the first Institute meeting: the neo-cons. For





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